MISS MARTHA BROWNLOW;

OR THE

HEROINE OF TENNESSEE.

MISS BROWNLOW, THE HEROINE OF TENNESSEE.

PHILADELPHIA:
T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, 306 CHESTNUT ST.

MISS MARTHA BROWNLOW;

OR THE

HEROINE OF TENNESSEE.

A TRUTHFUL AND GRAPHIC ACCOUNT

OF THE

MANY PERILS AND PRIVATIONS ENDURED BY MISS MARTHA BROWNLOW,

THE LOVELY AND ACCOMPLISHED DAUGHTER OF THE CELEBRATED PARSON BROWNLOW, DURING HER RESIDENCE WITH HER FATHER IN KNOXVILLE,

BY MAJOR W. D. REYNOLDS,
LATE ACTING ADJUTANT IN THE WESTERN ARMY.

BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED.

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MISS MARTHA BROWNLOW;

OR THE

HEROINE OF TENNESSEE.

PART ONE.

Scene First.—GAME OF THE TRAITORS.

SOON after the final culmination of the Southern conspiracy against the established government, and when the true Union men in Tennessee were about overwhelmed by numbers, in the bar-room of a public house not far from Knoxville, a traitor Lieutenant and Captain were playing cards, drinking, etc., and with several rebel recruits, having a good time generally.

"Now, Lieutenant, for the 'rub,' as to which of us shall lower the 'stars and stripes,' at Parson Brownlow's, and kiss his handsome daughter," said Captain Joslyn, emptying his glass of liquor and shuffling the cards.

"Not so fast, Capt., if you please; you propose too much at once. For rest assured that I am not so selfish, as to wish to win both 'honors.' Give me the girl, and you can have the flag," replied Lieutenant Byrnes, gaily.

"Ha, hā! Good; very good for the gallant Lieutenant," laughed the soldiers.

"You are very generous, Lieutenant," said Joslyn. "But the 'fair are for the brave.' So let us take these two fine points in our expedition up, one at a time, if you prefer—and first, for who lowers the hateful bunting."

"Well; as you say, Capt. Let it be so:—proceed," and so the game went on, the Lieutenant losing. "You see, Captain," said he, laughing, "to you belongs the honor of lowering the hated flag, and so humbling the Parson's pride. You have won."

"Bravo, bravo!" shouted the soldiers in chorus. "Captain Joslyn, count on us, in case the old devil should resist. We should

like to have a hand in the pleasing task of bringing his dignity as well as his indignation down."

"Be not alarmed, my boys, you shall share the glory with me.'

"Captain," chimed in the Landlord, "that the old man will prove crooked and troublesome you may safely depend, and my advice to you is to go down fully prepared for a stout resistance from the old chap; for by his ultimatum to the people, his last speech, you know, he is as hard as Hickory on the war."

"Yes, Capt., that speech must prove indeed, his *ultimatum*," spake Byrnes, earnestly. "For he is growing too defiant. His arrogance is becoming unbearable. He must be silenced.—But come now, for the girl."

"Yes, Lieutenant," chimed Joslyn. "That speech is the Parson's last, I believe, unless he plays the lamb and acts meekly.—But now, the '*rub*' for the Parson's daughter, or who wins the girl."

"Aye, that's the 'rub,' Captain," laughed the Landlord.

"A '*rub*' indeed, as is a '*rub*,'" chimed the soldiers.

"For the Parson's daughter," continued the Landlord, as the play went on. "A handsome bouncing lass, a brave and noble girl. She would prove an honor to a better cause than the one which by her father she is forced to espouse. She will prove a charming, a precious acquisition to the man who is fortunate enough to win her. A noble woman, just such an one to lead a forlorn hope or a desperate expedition of any kind. She could pioneer where dangers were the thickest. She can now, after attending her domestic duties, cross a sword, handle a musket, hunt, and follow in the chase with success, equal to any man of equal years in Tennessee,—and I would forewarn the man who is so fortunate to win the honor of kissing even the hand of that brave girl, to beware; she will not be trifled with."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Lieutenant Byrnes. "You, see, Captain, you have lost. To kiss the Parson's daughter belongs to me, so the honors of our expedition, so far at least, seem fairly divided.—Now are you satisfied?"

The sensual captain was far from being satisfied with the result of his proposed game for the girl. Still he had lost and, poorly concealing his chagrin, he replied, "O yes, Lieutenant, of course I am satisfied, though the *fairly* appears all on one side.—It's a one-sided *affair*. I *should* have preferred the girl—"

"But, Captain, you know that in war *all* is fair. Besides, have I not won her fairly?"

"Certainly, sir; of course you have. You played fairly. It's all right, and I am perfectly satisfied, Lieutenant, with my duty of hauling down the flag," said Joslyn obsequiously, though slightly chafing still.

"But indeed, Captain," broke in the corporal of the company, "if what mine host here says about the girl be true, you will have quite enough on your hands at the Parson's without her."

NcU

"Ah, what does he say of her?" quivered Joslyn, anxious to look at the subject from another point.

"Well, that she is apt with firearms and the sword," replied the corporal. "That she is a brave, courageous girl,—in a word, she is a powerfully strong minded and very dangerous woman."

"Indeed, quite an amazon, I suppose," said Joslyn with an assumed air of indifference, and then murmured to himself. "Tush, I *have lost* a precious prize, just the kind of character I so admire. D—n me; I'll have her yet."

"What's that you say, Captain; not satisfied yet?" broke in Byrnes. "Come, let us take another drink. Drink death to all differences, and then go on our happy way to take down the fancy colored rag. You know, Captain, the orders are, '*it must come down.*'"

"Yes sir, and down it comes," said Joslyn, filling his glass. "I was just speaking of the admirable devil-me-care sort of character of the Parson's daughter. Our host here says she is dangerous—full of fight and fire.

"Ah that is just what I admire," chimed Byrnes. "She suits me exactly, Captain. I always prefer an amour in which risk and danger are involved. It seems to give it spice, and I relish it the more,—you know the less easily won, the more precious when overcome."

"Take care, Lieutenant; take care," spoke the Landlord, smiling.

"O yes, Landlord: I'll be careful—very careful, and I'll kiss the Parson's daughter," Byrne laughed, and holding up his glass continued—"Here's to the success of our mission, and to our foe's perdition."

"That's the sentiment," echoed all, and drank. "And now men, for Parson Brownlow's," said Byrnes, placing on the bar his emptied glass.

"We'll *brown* his carcass, and bring him *low*.

"So let the world wag, wag as it will,
We'll be gay and happy still."

They filed out of the hotel, singing gaily, and took up their march for the residence of the eccentric Parson Brownlow.

Scene Second.—BROWNLOW AT HOME—THE DAUGHTER'S DANGERS—HER HOPE—'OUR FLAG STILL THERE.'

In the library-room of their snug home, the beautiful and noble Martha Brownlow sat reading some manuscript; near her stood her parent, just preparing to leave on a short journey. As he stood, hat in hand, he turned to his loved daughter and tenderly said, "Now daughter, I shall not be gone long. But, in the mean time, prepare all the copy you can, for the paper, against my return."

The obedient and affectionate Martha arose and said, "I will do

so, papa. But hasten your return, please; for these are troublous times long to be alone."

"If you are fearful, Martha, I will remain at home to-day," said the tender parent.

"O no, papa, do not mind it; 'twas a sudden thought only, that flitted through my mind; nothing will come of it," replied the noble girl, and looking from the casement out upon the stars and stripes just floating off in the breeze from the flag staff in the centre of the lawn in front of the house, she continued: "I shall feel perfectly safe, even in your absence, father. For '*our flag is still there.*' Surely, I am safe beneath its protecting folds.

"Yes, daughter, '*our flag is still there.*' Heaven bless it and you!" answered the parent, warming up with patriotism for the old flag. "But that once glorious banner of liberty and protection to-day is disrespected and hated by men long blest beneath its bounties—men whose heartlessness and base ingratitude assimilates them to the fiendish character of devils."

"Still, father, I feel safe beneath the roof o'ershadowed by its sacred folds," chimed Martha, catching the inspiration imparted by the subject.

"And so you should, daughter, so you should. But the pure blendings of that flag's blood-bought colors have been shot, trampled on, and trailed in the dust, even on American soil. Fiends there are, devils in human form, who, to-day, from the black recess of their heart of hearts, execrate and detest that sacred emblem of liberty."

"True, father, they may perhaps despise that blest ensign of freedom to all. The traitors, though so abhorring the banner of the noble free, yet I cannot think would offer harm to me."

"No, daughter, the man who would dishonor that flag has no respect for the dearest rights of man. God bless you, my child, and shield you until my return!" Saying which the tender father kissed his loving child and left the library, to be gone but a short time. And Martha, the heroine, was alone, singing in a subdued tone,

> "'Tis the star-spangled banner, O long may it wave
> O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

She again took her seat at the writing table, and busied herself with the correction and revision of copy for the press.

"How silly in me to have forebodings of evil," she murmured. Then glancing again through the window, she continued, "With such protection as that dear old flag gives, why should I be afraid? Women there were in the American Revolution, who, with their husbands, fathers, brothers, sisters, lovers, braved every danger, faced the foe, and defended that flag against the assaults of our country's invaders. I emulate their daring example, and I'll protect it now." She was startled from her musing by a loud rattling at the outer gate—a boisterous demand for admittance. Looking from the casement she saw Lieutenant Byrnes, Captain Joslyn

and their recruits, gathering about the gateway, and gazing wistfully towards the house, and anon enviously, hatefully, at the stars and stripes floating so proudly over the lawn. "Arouse my heart, be stout and brave," murmured the noble girl as she wondered to herself:—

"Who may they be? Traitors, no doubt, or they *may* be some Union men called to consult with father, their counsellor, and they may want assistance. Be it as it may, I shall see; and, if I can, assist the loyal cause," she bravely concluded, approaching the gate entrance, as they renewed their impatience for entrance by rattling more boisterously still the gate, she exclaimed:

"Stay; what would you?"

"We have business with Parson Brownlow, and wish to come in," said Byrnes.

"My father is absent. By what authority do you thus demand, abruptly, admittance to a loyal citizen's home?" Martha inquired.

"By the authority of the commander of the Southern forces in Tennessee, and in the name of the Confederate States of America."

"Gentlemen, we recognize no such authority, no such power. We are loyal," said the proud girl.

"Then must we come in," spake Captain Joslyn, harshly.

"Gentlemen, I cannot admit you. My father is absent."

"That makes it all the better for our purpose, Miss Brownlow. Admit us. We will not harm you," said Byrnes, in a tone of mingled determination and solicitation.

"Gentlemen, you say you have called to see my father. I am alone, therefore will not admit you," said the brave girl sternly.

"I would leave a message with you for Parson Brownlow. Pray admit us, my dear."

"I tell you, gentlemen, my father is not at home. If you wish to see him you must call when he is here."

"But we must come in *now*. That flag must come down. Draw down that flag!" Joslyn saucily commanded.

"No, gentlemen, I cannot oblige you in that either. That good old flag floats very well where it is, and my hope and prayer is that it may *long* wave there. I will not take it down," spake the noble girl proudly. But she was suddenly startled afresh by Joslyn commanding his men to force the gate and take down the distasteful flag, who, as he led them in over the lawn, said, "If you will not remove it we will take it down for you." But Martha, soon recovering her self-possession, and hastening into the house, soon emerged again with a well charged musket, and, taking her stand beneath the stars and stripes, brought the unerring weapon to her shoulder, like a well practised veteran, and levelling it at her foes, exclaimed, "Back, sirs, back! Draw down that flag, and I'll draw you down! Back, you cowardly dogs! Leave me, ere I make you bite the dust! Touch not the sacred folds of that good old flag!"

MISS BROWNLOW'S DEFENCE OF THE "OLD FLAG."

Cowards as they really were, they turned and skulked away, leaving the heroic Martha Brownlow unharmed.

When her parent returned he found her again in the library sweetly singing:

TOUCH NOT THAT FLAG.

"Traitor spare that flag;
Touch not a single star;
In shining glory now,
And blazing near and far;
'Twas our forefathers' hand
That placed it o'er our head,
And thou shalt let it stand,
Or perish with the dead.

"Our dear old precious flag,
Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea,
And wouldst thou tear it down?
Traitor! forbear thy touch;
Rend not its heart-bound ties;
Oh, spare that glorious flag,
Still streaming through the skies.

'When I was yet a girl
I gloried in the sight,
And raised my voice in joy
To greet its folds of light—
For it my home is dear;
Dear is my native land;
Forgive this foolish tear,
But let that old flag stand.

"My heart-strings round thee cling
Close as thy stripes, old friend;
Thy praises men shall sing,
Till time itself shall end.
Old flag, the storm still brave,
And, traitor, leave the spot;
While I've a hand to save
Thy touch shall harm it not."

Scene Third.—THE WHITE SLAVE AND HIS KIND MASTER—FREEDOM—THE SLAVE'S GRATITUDE.

"Well, Louis, you are punctual; and, be it spoken to your credit, you have served me faithfully now for many years."

"Why, yes, master, 'tis true, I have tried to serve you well."

This conversation occurred near the slave quarters of as beautiful and productive a plantation as any in Tennessee. The place belonged to Lemuel Garfield. At the time of which we write, he was colonel in the Union army, endeavoring, against overwhelming opposition, to enlist the young men of Tennessee for the Union. Louis, with whom he was now conversing, had been to

him, as indicated, a faithful slave, though in color almost white. He had been to Garfield a confidential servant, a favorite. In answer to the reply of Louis, his master said: "Which makes me indeed the more loth to part with you, Louis. But I have tried my best for a long time now to arouse our young men—tried to increase the loyal Union sentiment among us in sufficient force to repel our disunion invaders. But it has all been to no purpose. 'Tis labor for nought. I have been mocked and threatened, and now, before many days have passed, that villain and plunderer Buckner will be down among us, scouring the place, to either destroy or press us into his villanous army. But I have made up my mind he shall do neither with me. So, Louis, we must escape; I have concluded also to allow you a fair chance. Yourself and Emily your wife are now at liberty. You are free, Louis, to go where you please; and all I ask in return is that you will remain loyal and true to the Union. For in the end the government and the laws must triumph."

"God bless you, master," said Louis, affected. "You have been always kind to me; but this last act seems the kindest of them all. You ask me to prove faithful to the Union. May my heart cease with life to beat, when I think not with gratitude of thee, or falter for an instant in my loyalty to the American Union."

"Heaven bless you, Louis," said Garfield, taking his slave by the hand. "I believe you are sincere, in your gratitude to me. Pack up all you can take with you conveniently, and get ready to leave. Let us not loiter here, or we shall be captured."

"Indeed, indeed, master, I love the old homestead," said Louis, mournfully.

"So do I, Louis. But we must leave it, that we may return reinforced with true men, that we may be able to retake and hold it."

"When I leave here, master Garfield, I don't know where I shall go. Still I must hasten now to glad my dear Emily's heart with the good news that we are free."

"All right," said Garfield, pleased with his late slave's happiness. "But be careful, Louis; remain not here too long, or you may lose all; property, freedom and yourself. Let them not capture you—fly for your life."

"Yes, yes; bless you, master. I'll look out for them. The rebels to catch me will have to prove very swift."

"Louis, be faithful to the loyal cause."

"Yes, master; I'll be faithful. God bless you. Good bye, good bye," the happy Louis repeated as he turned from his kind late master, and walked rapidly towards his little home, at the slave-quarters.

Scene Fourth—SCOUTING—ON THE SCENT—THE REBEL FIEND—HIS MISSION.

"I tell you, Lieutenant, I looked that girl direct in the eyes, and as plain as stern feminine determination could say it, she said '*shoot.*' I really believe if we had advanced another step, as she declared, she would have fired both barrels into us, which, of course, would most effectually have deprived us of the pleasurable recreation which we this day enjoy of scouring the woods and country hereabouts for adherents to the Yankee cause."

"D—m—d recreating tramping about here, hunting all day and finding no game," said Lieutenant Byrnes petulantly, to Captain Joslyn, as they emerged from a thick woods, and stood a moment on an eminence, with two or three scouting recruits, overlooking the surrounding country not far from the very place where Colonel Garfield and his favorite servant had stood a short time before.

"We cannot be very far from the game I think, for I am certain it was hereabouts I saw that busy rebel Garfield to-day," replied Joslyn, seizing a musket from one of his men and levelling it at something in the distance scarcely discernible.

"And it is just as certain that the game has flown," continued Byrnes, still chafing with the disappointment with which they met at Parson Brownlow's.

"It may be so, but let us not return to camp without a trophy of some kind," and discharging his musket he ejaculated, "Let us scour the whole place."

"What in the devil's name did you do that for?" said Byrnes crossly, as 'the rebel fiend,' towering like a collossus before them, sprang lightly, athletically from his place of concealment—the hollow trunk of a great tree on the edge of the forest. At his sudden abrupt appearance to them, all started as if a bomb-shell had just fallen in their midst. In truth, he was a frightful looking character, not to say '*animal.*' He towered up before them, not less than seven feet in height, hugely large. His right hand and same side of his face was *white* in color, while his left hand and left side of his face was frightfully *black*. His hair was black and bushy, the general contour of his head reminding you of the head of the buffalo rampant. Across his shoulders a coarse blanket carelessly hung dropping over his white arm, and partially concealing a naked knife or dagger in his hand, while in his left hand he grasped a charred flambeau, late extinguished.

"Counsel with me," sternly said he. "On land and sea let your motto be, rough shod o'er them ride, '*To conquer first divide.*' Then scatter, tear, and slay, and burn them on every side." Throwing his large brawny arm aloft, he flourished his great unsheathed knife on high until it gleamed in the sun like burnished silver. He turned on his heel and was about to disappear again into the forest, as Byrnes, just recovering from the surprise his sudden

appearance to them gave, gasped, "But sir, who are you? What are you? Where do you come from? and what is your name?"

"My name is,—no matter who I am, call me The Rebel Fiend,' or the 'Scout of Secessia,' if you please. For my business is that of a scout in the Southern service, and before my work is done no doubt I shall be called a fiend, indeed. My mission is blood.

With fire and sword I reigned before,—
By the same I reign forevermore."

Again flourishing his weapons he disappeared in the woods.

"That chap's a trump," said Joslyn, forgetting the poor calf he had just shot.

"He is full '*secesh*,' sure," chimed the men.

"So, Captain, we have received again our commission, to send all who oppose us down to perdition. To hoist the black flag, no mercy show, and hastily despatch all Yankees below—down to the dominions of the gentleman in black, you know," rhymed Byrnes, sticking his sword into the earth by way of adding force to his speech, while Joslyn, with equal vehemence, flourished his sword above his head exclaiming,

"Aye, aye, such is our plainly appointed duty. To kill, destroy and gather booty, or 'beauty.' So let us to it at once together, '*pell mell*.' To heaven, if we may, if not, then 'hand-in-hand to hell.'"

And away they sped, "eager for the fray" their blood-thirsty souls on some foul and hellish deed intent. Just as they passed the spot, the "Rebel Fiend" emerged from the wood again, and looking after them in hellish glee as they sped on their determined errand of blood, he chuckled: "On, on, ye dogs of war, and cry havoc, bloody havoc, on all who our onward march oppose. Divide and tear asunder the union of our foes. Drench with their own blood the so-called rag of the free. Destroy it forever from the land and on the sea. The states are ours to rule them or to ruin, still let our motto be."

Saying which the Secession monster dashed away through the forest again.

Scene Fifth.—THE SLAVE'S JOY—SURPRISE—THE ATTACK—RETURN—DESPERATE ENCOUNTER—FLIGHT OF THE REBELS—PURSUIT.

The light mulatto, Emily, wife of Louis, was busily engaged in preparing their evening meal, when Louis, smiling and happy, entered to glad her ears with the good news of their release from bondage.—"God bless you, Emily; I bring you good news to-night. My dear wife, at last we have our liberty.—Emily, we are free; free; bless heaven and master Garfield, to go where and when we please."

"Cum, cum, Louis, don't now poke fun at me in dat kind o' way Free!—we free? why Loo, you dun no what yer talkin 'bout

'Good news,'—yes too good to believe.—Ha, yah, yah. We free, Loo? you makin fun;—it can't be," laughed the simple hearted wife, unable, as her remarks indicate, to appreciate the truth of the glad tidings.

"Yes Emily, it is indeed, true," continued Louis, kissing his young wife tenderly. "But the worst is we must leave here soon, to escape capture by the traitors, the '*seceshers*,' as they are called. For, if taken by them we shall be sold again into perpetual slavery. So master says we must pack up all we can at once, escape from reach of the traitors, and be true to the Union cause."

"True to de Union," echoed the smiling Emily, the apparent truth of her husband's news now breaking through her mind like the rays of the sun through an April shower of rain. "God bress yer, Loo, den, dat we am free am true?"

"True as heaven, and master Garfield is about to remove from here, and we must go too."

"Den ob course to de Union we'll be true," chimed the happy simple wife, returning her husband's tender embrace affectionately. "God bress yer, Loo, yer am dearer to me now dan eber," she concluded.

"Heaven bless us, Emily," said her husband, kissing her again. "Now let us prepare to follow and assist master. While you pack up some things in the house, I will collect what I can that we shall need outside."

He was leaving the room as she called to him,—"Stop, Loo, and git yer supper fust. It's all ready, come,—let us have our supper, an talk dis ting ober like."

"No, no, Emily; I will clean the old gun first that has been hanging so long in the shed unused: It may prove a useful companion in our travels; when I get the old gun ready, Emily, I will then be ready for my supper." He closed the door after him and Emily was alone again.

She busied herself about the room, murmuring to herself, "Free, free! Got yer freedom for eber. Dat sounds strange like to me; bery strange and bery queer like. I dun no what it am,—what am it, anyhow. Wonder how it am cooked, stewed, roasted, boiled, fried, raw or in de shell. Ha! Louis and I, Emily Nelson, his wife, free!—seems queer. But I guess it am so; Loo wouldn't tell me a lie in earnest, dat's a fac. Den he's gone to clean de old gun. It must be so, and no mistake. Freedom! O bress de Lor we am free!" and the newly freed slave gave utterance to the melody striving to rise from her glad soul, by singing more musically than she ever sang it before,—'*The Slave's Dream.*' But before she concluded there was heard loud knocking at the door, and without stopping her soul melody, her happiness perfect, full to overflowing, she said invitingly, "Come in.—Spec it's massa Garfield, come down to tell me bout it too.—Please to come in, Massa Garfield—always welcome to some ob Emily's nice short cake."

But she was speechless a moment as she turned and saw confronting her Lieutenant Byrnes, Captain Joslyn, and several soldiers.

"Ah! just in time here," said Byrnes, looking wishfully at the well done cakes and the smoking pleasant odored coffee on the table.

"What fur, sir sogers, yer just in time? What dus yer cum in fur widout 'witen," stammered Emily at length, recovering from her slight alarm at their appearance.

"Come, come! my pretty wench, don't be quite so flippant with your tongue, but haste with your hands, and get us something to eat; we are hungry, and must have something to eat soon," commanded Joslyn, harshly.

"You is white men; sogers, I spec yer. But, praps yer don't no dat I am free; ha, yah, yah! Bress de Lor, and Massa Garfield, Loo and I am free dis day fore God."

"Ho, ho! This is news, indeed. Beside securing our suppers by calling in here we have also caught a pretty contraband. Aye, even handsome. Where is your master," said Byrnes familiarly pertly.

"Dun no; spec he's home tho'," replied Emily. "But what yer mean by dat name yer call me jus now, '*contermand*.'"

"Ha, ha! It is contraband, my pretty one," said Joslyn, toying with her. "It means you are our prisoner; we want you and your master to go with us to-night."

"Dun no. But I don't tink dat so easy, kase we am free," replied the simple Emily.

"That makes it all the better, and the easier, my pretty little contraband," smiled Byrnes, chucking her under the chin. In the mean time the soldiers were busy helping themselves at the table, and besides eating and drinking all they could, packing about their persons whatever they could carry away. Joslyn helped himself to supper, leaving Byrnes to toy with Emily.

"See here," said the latter to the Lieuteuant. "You am a white man; I'se a free married woman. Please don't do dat agin—and see here, you tief," she said, turning to Joslyn as he was bolting away the last of her nice cakes. "Dat am berry bad manners, to say no wus 'bout it, and ef yer don't stop dat, I must call in my huzbam, Louis Nelson, wid his gun."

"Take that for yer insolence, you wench; and if you don't want about forty lashes well laid on, you'll not open your mouth again," said Joslyn, angrily throwing at her from the table a loaf of bread.

Byrnes attempting rudely to embrace her, she screams loudly for help, and pushing him from her he falls partially under the table, which, Joslyn trying to save him upsets, which the soldiers accept as a signal for destroying all the things in the place, in the midst of which having heard her scream, Louis with his gun enters, hastily followed by his late master. He fires at once at Byrnes,

who as he entered, had just seized Emily again. But wounded in the left arm by Louis, he leaps up and draws his sword on the avenging husband, who discharges the other load of his gun at Joslyn, who strangely escapes from the floor unhurt. Colonel Garfield, more successful in his aim, brings down both of the rebel soldiers at once, as they turn to run. Louis now dashes with clubbed gun at Byrnes, who stands a second with sword drawn; ready and apparently determined to contest the issue with the enraged husband, but dexterously eluding the terrible blow intended to crush his skull he makes a rapid pass at his assailant with his weapon, but missing him rushes past him and escapes, bleeding from the wound in his left arm. Louis, beside himself with revenge, and spurred on by the sight of his prostrate wife, turns again, and with the butt of his gun aims a terrible blow at the head of the flying rebel, just as he leaps through the door. But the door-post catches the blow, and by its force the stock of the gun is broken from the barrel, and as Louis, raving and writhing with the pain the rebound of the unfortunate blow has given him, the 'Rebel Fiend,' with drawn dagger and burning flambleau, stands grinning in the door-way, and loudly chuckles, "Ha, ha! Now, does the work go bravely on. So soon my faithful minions catch the spirit of my reign.—This is our right, we gain it by might, to scatter, tear, and slay; and so we win our way.—By force and fire, and sword we reign, we reign;" and ere he could be prevented, with his blazing torch he deliberately fired the wooden structure, and then loudly laughing, dashed away, followed hastily by Louis, with the bare barrel of the broken gun.

"Great Heaven! Emily, what has brought this about?" said Colonel Garfield, assisting the affrighted Emily to her feet. "Come, come, Emily, we must escape from here, the house is on fire, and the rebels, or devils, are on us. Come, are you hurt?"

"Dun no, massa; dun no; may be I is. Tink I is hurt some in dis shoulder. When Loo shoot at de soger, tink he hit me too."

"Whar am Loo, massa? Hasn't gone and left us; has he, massa? He told me we were free," said she.

"Here he comes; he is here again. Come, Louis, we must pack up at once, now, and get away from here, or we are prisoners."

"The villain, the fiend escaped me. But I'll have them yet. I'll be revenged for this night's work, Master Colonel Garfield, severely revenged. Every one of them rascals shall die for this, and more. Them two are settled for at any rate," said Louis, panting for breath, and turning towards the two dead soldiers shot by Garfield. "Master, you done your part well, and I shall yet redeem my bad shots. But, Emily, you are yet alive. Thank Heaven, you yet live for me! Come away from here; let us escape from this burning house."

"What, Louis, what do all dis mean? Am de war bruk out on us poor negroes?"

"Dear wife, the traitors are on us, certain. We must haste away ere they are back to carry us farther south and sell us into perpetual slavery, or murder us on the spot; either of which they intend doing. Come." Again by the light of the fire the Fiend appeared to view near them.

"Master Garfield, please take charge of Emily until I settle with the fiend who has caused all this," said Louis; and hastily dashing after the secession scout, with his broken gun, exclaimed: "Now for revenge! I'll kill the fiend for this outrage. Save Emily, master! Revenge for my own and my master's wrongs!" and, despite of Garfield's advice for him to think now only of escaping, he was soon in close conflict with the rebel fiend, who rushed to meet him, and savagely cut and thrust at him with his long knife. But one fortunate blow from the old gun barrel knocked it from his bloody grasp to the ground with a dull sound; and Louis was about to close with and throttle him, as he was seized suddenly from behind by Captain Joslyn, who, assisted by two soldiers, secured poor Louis's arms with a large rope, making him most effectually their prisoner. The fiend, chuckling, regained his dagger from where it had fallen; and, as if satisfied with the turn of affairs, without attempting any more violence on the avenging Louis, pointed his dagger disdainfully at the helpless prisoner, and, flourishing his fire torch above his head, to Joslyn exclaimed, "Sir, if always you would thus successful be, never fail first to take counsel with me. But still more to scatter, burn and slay, thus I haste and flourish on my conquering way." Flourishing his torch and dagger, he dashed away through the forest; and soon Lieutenant Byrnes, with the assistance of Joslyn and his scouts, succeeded, after some resistance, in capturing Emily Nelson and Colonel Garfield; and, together with Louis, they were urged forward into the traitor's encampment, now not very distant from them.

"Come on this way!" Joslyn commanded, urging Louis on faster. "Caught at last ye are, another Tartar caught, ye handsome contraband; come on this way, this way." And thus they were jeered insulted, and urged onward towards the rebel encampment.

PART SECOND.

Scene Sixth.—MORE PRISONERS—BOLDNESS OF THE UNION SCOUT—LOUIS AND HIS ENEMY.

Early next morning they were ushered into the presence of General Buckner, that he might elicit in person all the information from them they could or were willing to give about the movements of the Union forces, which he knew were gathering at

length in large numbers, and preparing quietly to meet him in battle.

"Good morning, Captain!" said he, quite pleasantly, in answer to the latter's salutation. "You have more prisoners, I hear."

"Yes, General, two or three more here," said Joslyn, touching his cap, and again saluting his commander.

"Bring them in."

"Aye, aye, sir," said Joslyn, bowing—retired to bring them to a hearing.

"Ah, Lieuteuant! what news this morning? Any signs of a further advance from the enemy. What, wounded!"

This was spoken to Lieutenant Byrnes, who entered just as his Captain retired.

"There are evidences of great preparation, General," Byrnes answered, bowing, "but, I think, of no immediate advance from the foe. We have a few prisoners without. This," said he, referring to his wounded arm, which he carried in a sling of linen, "is but a slight hurt, received last night in a skirmish with the enemy's pickets."

"Liar!" exclaimed Louis, as he entered just in time to hear the falsehood. And, writhing in his bonds (his arms were tightly tied behind him) he stamped on the floor and revengefully continued: "'Twas I that hurt you for your insults to my wife, and for firing my home; and, could I free myself from these bonds, I'd finish ye on the spot, ye lying scoundrel."

"Silence, sir, what do you mean by such language in my presence?" exclaimed Buckner; and the soldiers attempted to hold the prisoner still.

"Be quiet, or it will go hard with you," said Joslyn.

"Quiet, eh! ye cowardly poltroons, I'd soon quiet all such as you if you'd take these fixins from my hands!"

"Silence, I say!" exclaimed Joslyn, menacing him with his sword. "The General would speak with you."

"Who are you, what are you, and what is your name?" questioned Buckner.

"I am, Sir General, a free man."

'Most effectually bound," said Joslyn, in an under tone, provokingly.

"My name is Louis Nelson," continued Louis. "This is Emily, my wife, also free, whom that dog there insulted. And this is my friend, Colonel Garfield, who once my master was."

"Louis, on condition that we unbind and give you limited freedom, you will renounce opposition to our cause and take the oath of allegiance to the Confederate States of America,—will you?" said Buckner, trying to soften the injured feelings of Louis, the better to draw from him what information he wanted.

"General Buckner, never! When my master set me free I vowed in my heart of hearts to live only for the Union, and when

I lose my loyalty, may my life cease to flow. To the American Union, the Government and the Laws I shall prove true. For the Union I'll die," Louis answered him nobly, emphatically."

"Take him away. We'll give him his choice suddenly for the Union to die," Buckner commanded sternly. "And now, sir," continued he to Colonel Garfield. "What have you to say? what *is* your name?"

"You should have known me, General Buckner," Garfield coolly replied.

"Ahem!—Why so, sir? Be not quite so presumptuous. It may prove worse for you. Who are you?"

"My name is Lemuel Garfield, Colonel in the Federal or Union service. Loyal and sworn to support the Government and the Laws. Strange you do not know your nephew, General, your sister's child."

Cut to the quick by the sudden revelation, Buckner blustered, "Take him away, confine him closely—and now, my little wench," he continued, turning to the timid, trembling Emily, as the soldiers thrust Garfield away and into close confinement. "What shall we get from you—information or impudence? What are you called, and what do you know?"

"Oh! massa Gineral Buckaneer, don't; please don't hurt my Louis nor my good massa Garfield," plead Emily earnestly. "Him berry kind and good to me and my Louis. He sot us free and said we should 'tramp,' scape fur ourselves, an we didn't. O massa Gineral Buckaneer, he am berry kind like."

"Are you his wife? or who are you? What is your name?"

"I'se de wife ob my husband, sir. Massa sot us free and told us to cut and run, and now you've cotched us,—wish we had."

"Well, well! You've told us all about that. What is your name, and what do you know?" pursued Buckner impatiently.

"Emily, sir! Emily Nelson,—same as my husband's, sir."

"Are there many soldiers,—Yankees and Hessians, down where you come from, and what were they doing?" he continued to question.

"Dun no, Massa Gineral. De ony sogers I sede war dem dat brung us here. O massa, let massa and Louis go, and we'll neber come back any more."

"Take her away.—Yet stay, Emily. Can you cook?" said he, calling her back.

"Oh yes massa, cook berry nice."

"Captain, set her to work.—Captain Joslyn, guard well your prisoners. Let me hear of no escapes. And now, Lieutenant Byrnes, let us go within; I have some further commands for you."

They entered an inner room to quietly plan other deeds of outrage, oppression and blood, on all they should find in the least favoring the cause of the American Union.

Scene Seventh.—FREEDOM'S FOREST—HIS DREAM—BROWNLOW'S APOSTROPHE—FREEDOM AND THE FIEND.

Low down in a beautiful valley, shaded by great trees, and sweet-odored shrubbery, surrounded by large mountains on every side; the sides and summits of which were covered also with trees and vines and flowers that had grown here, flourished, changed, decayed, and passed away and reappeared again in season, from time immemorial, undisturbed by the rude tread of men. It was a place wild and romantic in its primal beauty. It was here, in such a place as this, so fraught with natural voices of sweet thoughts, and sacred solitude, I first found Freedom crowned with chaplets as a god, or the laurelled wreath of conquest and victory. Reclining on a mossy mound and murmuring, as if to induce reflection or repose, he softly sung, "*My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty, of thee I sing—Land of the Pilgrims' pride; home where our fathers died—From every mountain's side, Let freedom ring.*"—Then, as if in dreamy vision, he softly murmured, "'Tis sweet to linger here, among the flitting birds and leaping squirrels, wandering brooks, and winds that shake the leaves, and scatter as they pass, a fragrance from the cedars, thickly set with pale blue berries. In these peaceful shades—peaceful, unpruned, immeasurably old—my thoughts go up the long dim path of years, back to the earliest days of liberty." And then as Freedom seemed to repose soothingly, Parson Brownlow entered reflectively the woody scene, and in the language of Dryden, apostrophised,—"O Freedom, thou art not, as poets dream, a fair young girl, with light and delicate limbs and wavy tresses,—a bearded man, armed to the teeth art thou? One mailed hand grasps the broad shield, and one the sword. Thy brow, glorious in beauty though it be, is scarred with tokens of old wars; thy massive limbs are strong and struggling. Power at thee has launched his bolts, and with his lightnings smitten thee.—Oh not yet mayest thou unbrace thy corslet or lay by thy sword; nor yet, O Freedom, close thy eyes in slumber. For thine enemy never sleeps; he shall send quaint maskers, forms of fair and gallant mien, to catch thy gaze and uttering graceful words to charm thy ear; while his sly imps, by stealth, twine round thee threads of steel that grow to fetters; or bind thee down with chains, concealed in chaplets. Oh, Freedom!—awake, gird on thy sword, and defend the refuge of thy latest home, America. Forget not forever, 'eternal vigilance is the price of liberty.'"

"Oh, oh, yes massa Brown,—high massa Brownlow; Gineral Price am cummin' wid his whole army, ob what yer call em de rag cum muffins. He's cummin', sah,—will be down on us in a minit, and kill and take us all away.—O massa, sabe me, sabe me; sabe poor Pomp."

Pomp was negro servant to Brownlow, and black as ebony.

He came running upon his master's solitude thus in the greatest excitement; terribly frightened with the news he was delivering.

"Why, Pomp; in the name of the law what do you mean by all this hubbub?" his master inquired calmly as he could, under the provoking circumstances.

"Hug-bug!—I means, I means," stammered he, panting for breath, with his long run, "dat Gineral Price; de man ye was talking 'bout de wigilence Price; Price ob Liberty,—Liberty creek, I spec, down dar in Missouri; am now fast cummin' to catch us all alibe, an kill us and burn us wid fire.—O massa, sabe me! sabe me."

"Pomp, in the name of the law do you mean to say that the rascally rebel Price is approaching, in force?"

"No, no, massa! He am not cumroin' in de name ob de law Dare am no law here now. But he am cummin' like de debil in force,—widout any remorse; yah, yah,—to scatter and tar and clar us all away."

"But Pomp, where did you find this precious bit of news?"

"As I was goin' to de Pos' Office wid de letters, I stop in de tabern, an a man on a horse, a horseman, you know, rid down pas de street, like as ef de debil was arter him, sah, and he hollered out loud as he could bawl, 'De rebels am cummin',—Price am cummin'."

"Oh yes, father; they come, they come. Haste this way or we are all undone," cried Martha, rushing on the scene as they emerged from the woody glen. "O fly, father; fly, or we shall be captured, by the monster, Price. Haste; let us fly to some place of safety, until our friends, the Union forces, are prepared for battle. O haste, haste; they come; they come."

"Let them come. They shall not take us without a fight; so Pomp, we must fight and retreat, until we reach our friends," and away they dashed through the woods to emerge again in an opposite direction, from whence their foes were pursuing them, "Pomp making the forest resound with "Oh! oh! de debils am cummin," as he run. Amid all the noise and tumult of flight, Freedom slept on, and the Rebel Fiend stealthily approached where he lay locked in profound sleep, and chuckling, with his fair side towards him, softly muttered, "Sleep on, O Freedom; sleep on, my old foe. Soft be the easy numbers, on this mossy mound, of thy gentle slumbers. Those wreaths of many victories bound round thy war scarred brow, contrast strangely and shade in fair relief these later chaplets with which I bind thee now.—Sleep on, for me 'tis not in vain, for while ye sleep I reign." With hard thorny thongs he succeeded, at length, to effectually bind and secure the god of freedom to the earth where he lay.

About half a mile away, Colonel Garfield, Emily and Louis Nelson, having effected their escape from prison by killing the

guard, — dashed into the woods together; also flying, in the same direction as Parson and Martha Brownlow, from the rebel foe.

"This way, master, this way!" cried Louis, as he plunged into the dense forest, his clothing torn almost from his body in his desperate struggle with Captain Joslyn. Catching his flying wife in his arms, he continued: "Haste, haste, Emily, or they will be on us presently! though that white-livered, rascally captain, I think will not be able to follow very closely, with that slug in his thigh. Ah, he falls! But the rest pass him by. They follow us. Haste, Emily; for God's sake, come, haste away!" As they plunged through a dense thicket a volley of rifle balls whistled through after them.

In the mean time the Fiend, having been scouting through the forest, again rushed, flourishing his torch and great knife, on Freedom, as he still lay, just arousing himself from his deep sleep. Leaping up, he fiercely drew his sword, and stood prepared to meet the Fiend, not a little to the surprise of the latter.

"Off! back, thou wily fiend of evil!" spake Freedom, loudly, which re-echoed on his assailant's ears with a stunning sound. "May I not rest awhile from the tumult of battle without exciting thy envy, thou wretch and foe of man!"

"Ha, ha, ha, I have thee now! Down, Freedom, down!" the Fiend cried gruffly, savagely, and rushed on Freedom to strike. But the latter, throwing up his sword point, parried the blow intended for his heart, and defiantly exclaimed: "Twin born with man, I am his earliest, latest friend. Tyranny has oft dug deep for me his dungeons. Merciless power, by a thousand fires, has forged for me his chains, and has smitten me with his scourge and lightning bolts. But Tyranny can never quench the life which Freedom draws from heaven. For, while he deems me bound, behold his links are shivered, and the prison walls fall outward; and, as springs the flame above the burning pile, I leap forth, armed to the teeth, and the pale oppressor flies."

"Never!" cried the Fiend, rushing again to the fearful encounter. "To be weak is miserable. Co-existent with Lucifer, son of the morning, I am, and therefore dare contend with thee. Born of power, I have ever been the foe of man, and shall be to the last. My motto rule or ruin is."

"Then ruin be your end, as it is your aim, and disturb no more my peaceful reign."

The Fiend now, unsheathing a large sword, exclaimed furiously: "I take you at your word; I rule by fire and sword. Freedom shall never reign except I first be slain."

"Then slain you shall be, should my blade not fail me," Freedom answered bravely, and they rushed together in the shock of battle, while the forest resounded with the roar and

rattle of rebel cannon and musketry. And again Brownlow, Colonel Garfield, Louis and Pomp appeared on the scene, loading and firing their weapons, in rapid reply to the random aim of their foes—Pomp, jumping about like one possessed, crying: "Dat's it, Massa Brownlow! Do 'em brown; shoot 'em down, and gib de debils hell. Pour it into 'em; gib de debils h—; more dan dey want to take away wid 'em:" while the Fiend, having lost his sword, knocked from his grasp by a powerful blow from his foe, staggers off, reels and runs away. Freedom, attemping to pursue him to the death, stumbles and falls, and finds, to his great chagrin, that he is yet tied to the earth.

"This seems enchanted ground!" he ejaculates—with hellish schemes enchanted—secession traps and snares." Soon the flaming evidence of a revenge worthy of the Fiend flashes up all around the place. The forest, the bridges that cross the numerous streams here, the tenement houses, the fences—in short every thing that will burn, even the crops in the earth—are all on fire, blazing by the torch of the "Rebel Fiend, the Scout of Secessia," presenting a terrible tableau — with patriots of freedom flying from their treacherous foes in the darkened, smoking background—a single emblem of liberty, the stars and stripes, yet appearing away in the distance, sadly drooping down the flag staff, "*amid fire and smoke, the cannon's roar and sabre's stroke.*" O, those were soul sickening days of despair to the patriot heart, when the once loyal State of Tennessee was overrun with traitors to the government and the laws, the rebel fiends of "Secessia!"

"Colonel, they are too many for us here," the lion-hearted Brownlow was compelled at length to admit, addressing himself to Colonel Garfield, as they together emerged again from the burning forest, some distance from their pursuers. "We therefore better make our way, swift as we can, towards the border, where our friends are more numerous, and preparing, though slowly, yet surely, to crush out this most wicked rebellion at once. With the Union army we can return, and do greater execution than alone."

"As you say, Parson," said Garfield, "but really I should like to scout round here that I may yet get an opportunity to teach that swaggering uncle of mine, *General* Buckner they call him, the nice degree of relationship existing betwixt us; since he has cast his lot with conspirators and traitors, I should like to teach him, Parson, how far less to me than a stranger is even the kin of brother, that despises and dishonors the banner of the free. The man, or the *resemblance* of a man, who insults that flag, dishonors me: he is no relative of mine. To such an one my duty is death. Ho, Louis! where have you been?"

"The devils, they fired my home and attempted to murder me. I've fired theirs. I'll give them blow for blow, the skulking

sneaking miscreants!" cried Louis, hoarsely; and, striking his torch against a tree, panted a moment for breath. He had committed another deed of vengeance, and then fled a long distance. "Yes, golly, massa, yer ought fur to seen de way we burnt 'em. We set dar ole Hog House on fire. Phew, golly, how it did burn do; yer ought fur to seede it. But I would like to got some ob de meat, do," grinned Pomp.

"What! have you fired the Pork Factory?"

"He, he! yah, yah! golly, massa, yes! De Hog Factory am burnin like blazes to kill. Golly, dey hab plenty ob roast pig now, massa."

"Yes; and the wind is fair to-night for it to sweep into ruins half of Nashville. The fiends of furies direct it to the capitol, and by fire purify the place from its corruption and oppression most foul!" said Louis, flourishing his flaming torch on high.

"Fearful retribution! how soon following their crimes their punishment begins!" reflected Brownlow, looking towards the city as the flames burst forth furiously.

"Ay, Parson, 'tis glorious that we can thus return them double for all they have inflicted on us," said Garfield.

"But we lose time here, and may lose our lives; come, let us away: Heaven be merciful to our foes!" continued Brownlow.

"The Fates punish them fully and well for all they have done!" replied Garfield.

"Ay, let the very stars in their courses fight against them, and all the furies unite to torture them to the full!" said Louis.

"Yah, yah! amen to dat! roast dare hog, dare pork well fur dem! de fires gib dem roast, *burnt* pig till dey am sick ob pig and secession!" Pomp grinned.

"Hark! They are approaching this way in force."

"Ay, they come, they come! we must away, away to the borders!" Brownlow urged, and away they sped, fleet as their feet would bear them.

The Rebel Fiend, recovering himself and sword, again attacked Freedom before he could get from the forest. Rushing on him he yelled, "Now, by the flashing light of this flame, shall Freedom be slain!"

"Rather by its light my life I regain. And my good trusty sword, for your deeds I shall give you your reward," cried Freedom, defiantly, as they rushed together—their swords ringing together with a clashing, clanging sound.

"No man of woman born can measure swords with the Son of the Morn," echoed the Fiend.

"Freedom is not of woman born. Before man was I am. Blest Nature in her purity first gave me birth. Before the mountains were settled, before the hills was I brought forth; when he prepared the heavens I was there; when he set a com-

REBEL SURPRISE—THE SCOUT'S ATTACK.

pass on the face of the deep; when he gave to the sea his decree; when he appointed the foundations of the earth, then I was by him as one brought up with him, and my delights were with the sons of men. 'While yet our race were few I sat with him to attend the quiet flock, and watch the stars, and teach the reed to utter simple airs; and by his side, amid the tangled wood, did war upon the panther and the wolf, then his *only foes*.' But again the spirit of the past is on me, and I strike to give liberty to the captive and full freedom to those that are bound," Freedom exclaimed, again attacking the scout with renewed and terrible vigor.

"Your boyish rule I dispute, hand to hand and foot to foot," the Fiend chimed.

"Thus do I break the power of the Fiend. When we contend again it shall be to the death. For the day of vengeance is in my heart, and the year of my release has come," Freedom exclaimed, knocking the weapon from the Fiend's grasp, while, as he fled from the forest howling with pain, Freedom leaned contentedly on his sword, watching his course over the plain.

PART THIRD.

Scene Eighth.—TREACHERY—THE SPRING POISONER—THE SCOUT ABOUT—FREEDOM AND THE PICKET.

In the edge of the forest, near the Union encampment, not far from Spring Mills, on a hazy moonlight evening, a scout may have been seen darting and dodging about—starting forward into the sombre light, levelling his musket, and, without firing, again recede into the shadow of the trees. It was Louis Nelson, who, still keeping his eyes on some object resembling a large hog, approaching slowly and hovering round a large spring of water, which supplied that wing of the Union camp. Louis, the scout, muttered, "I think I know that porker—have met him before"—and again levelling his gun at the object, he mutters: "He's the monster that I shot in the hand, and caused me to wound my Emily. Still I will not take his life in this way; I'll give him a chance." And his gun dropped to the scout's side again. "But I'll take him, though; ay, that I will—alive too. The wretch, he wants to poison that spring, and so this brave Union army here, the rascally wretch."

It was so. Lieutenant Byrnes, disguised in a large hog skin, and gradually approaching the spring on all fours, was just in the act of throwing a large quantity of poison into the water as Louis sprang on him with a yell of vengeance. The traitor, suddenly rising on his feet, nearly succeeded in throwing the scout to the ground, and grappling him by the throat.

The picket, who sleepily walked to and fro near the spring, deceived by the appearance of the "hog," now fully aroused and alarmed, discharged his piece, but without effect, further than foolishly to arouse that portion of the camp.

"Ha, ha, ha, my fine porker! caught at last, and alive! tried to escape, did ye! but I have you now, my pretty pig!" exclaimed the scout provokingly. "Tried to throw me, too, did ye! Yer my prisoner; and I thought I would just ride ye into camp is the reason why I jumped astride of yer back as ye was down on all fours. Here, ye stupid picket, if I was not a better shot than that you just fired, I'd never look at a gun again; and we should have lost this precious pig, and you would have gained a luxury from this spring to-morrow in the *dessert* of *arsenic*, which would have released you from picket duty here, but to shoulder your musket 'against a sea of troubles,' perhaps, in that 'country from whose bourne,' as the bard has it, 'no traveller returns.' Come, wake up, and help get this porker into camp; I want to show him up to the general commanding."

"You cannot pass, sir, without the countersign," said the picket, presenting his musket at the scout.

"Ha, ha, ha! well, well! here's a nice mess! got an important prisoner, a traitor Lieutenant, and we cannot pass the guard, eh?" laughed Louis.

"Call that pig a prisoner?" grinned the picket.

"Well, I do—really a valuable porker—caught in the death-deserving act of poisoning the water of the camp. It is only protracting his misery that I did not shoot him on the spot. Prisoner, show, not your hand, but your face, to the picket, then, perhaps, he will let us pass!" Louis commanded him, facetiously. The trembling traitor reluctantly obeyed the command; and, raising the hog face, exposed his own. But the picture he thus presented to the picket so affrighted him that he exclaimed—giving Louis the countersign himself—"'*Lexington*.' For God's sake, scout, haste, take him away." And, being relieved by another taking his post, he followed the scout and his prisoner into camp. The new picket had paced his post but a few times when he was confronted by Freedom, emerging from the forest, and who, as he attempted to cross the lines, cried:

"Back, sir, back! You cannot pass!"

"What, do you not know me? Will you not allow Freedom to pass?"

"None can pass sir, without the countersign."

"Not even Freedom?"

"My orders are imperative, sir; to let none pass."

"You do not know me then,—you are young, perhaps; yet you should know well an old warrior, like me,—grown old in battle; and bearing about me, the deepest scars of many a conflict in Liberty's cause. Then my acquaintances,—my companions in arms are

numerous. My references,—my ancestry are good. But not to prove tedious and antiquated in recounting; Louis Kossuth fought for me, a few years since, in poor, struggling Hungary, and later still, the noble Garibaldi—Italy's great liberator—has done me good service;—also the veteran General Winfield Scott, has fought for me faithfully and long. In sooth, I am not too vain to say, that with his noble battle scars crowning his brow and his ripe declining years with victorious wreaths, there is a remarkable resemblance betwixt us. Then there is the youthful, noble-souled General McClellan, has given his life to my service. But I cannot stay to enumerate,—time would fail me to number the noble army of martyrs, who have fought for me.—General George Washington and I fought side by side, for many years; during the early days of the American republic. But later still, General Fremont, and many others know me well.—Young soldier let me pass."

"Sir warrior, I respect you for the dangers through which you have passed; the conquests you have won,—but you must not pass," said the picket, presenting his musket.

"And why not, sir comrade," said Colonel Garfield, coming up to where they stood.

"He does not give the word, sir," the picket replied.

"Oh, I guess he is only trying you, young soldier. He certainly has our countersign," continued Garfield, conversing with Freedom.

"Young soldier," said the latter, "I fought at 'Lexington.'"

"All right," said the picket.

"Ha, ha, ha! I knew he was all right," laughed Garfield, taking Freedom by the arm and crossing the lines on their way. "Freedom and I are fast friends. I know him well, young soldier."

As they neared the head-quarters of the General, Martha Brownlow and Emily Nelson stepped nobly from a tent, bearing a beautiful silk flag, and welcomed Freedom and Colonel General Garfield, it is now, by charmingly singing "*The Star-Spangled Banner.*"

Scene Ninth.—THE CONTRABAND'S CARNIVAL—FALL OF FORT DONALDSON—TRIUMPH OF FREEDOM—DEATH OF THE REBEL FIEND—BROWNLOW'S HAPPY RETURN HOME—JOY—CONCLUSION—"OUR FLAG STILL THERE."

Just back of the Union camp, at the slave-quarters, Pomp, surrounded by a large number of contrabands,—men, women and children; was, one fine sunny day, cutting up all sorts of antics,—laughing, singing, and enjoying himself as best he could, in his own inimitable style.

"Ha, ha, yah, yah!" he laughed. "Lilly, I'se so glad yer cum.—I dun no what to do wid myself. De yur ob Jubilee am cum, an I'se so glad; yah, yah. De day ob de pentecost am cummin'; and I'se berry happy. I say Lilly; my lubly dear, Gineral Fremont am a great mountain. De great stone what we read 'bout, you know;

what smite de image of treason, de great Juggernaut, de big idol ob de South, you know; on de feet, and set all de niggers free.—Ha, ha, yah, yah; and I'se berry hazzard happy like. Golly; Lilly, he am de mountain ob freedom." Thus the happy black expressed his joy, at his prospect of liberty, to Lilly, his betrothed; a jet black contraband, embellishing his odd speeches with various grimaces and antics, leaping and frisking about like one possessed.

"Lilly, as we used to sing down in de meetin', we shall come to Mount Zion, wid songs and wid laughin', kase we am free,—yah, yah. Golly, Lilly; guess Massa Fremont am de Mount Zion. Let us go see him, Lilly. Massa Fremont de man what would set all de poor niggers free."

"O yes, Pomp; I should like to see de great Fremont. Heaven bress massa Fremont, and gib de debils Jessie."

"No, no; Lilly yer don't mean dat. What; gib Jessie to de debil. Why Lilly, my lub; does yer know dat Jessie am de Gineral's mudder; or no, I don't mean dat,—I mean his wife; his aid-de-camp, you know. Why she am de one what plan all his battles."

"Golly, Pomp; I nebber knowed dat.—How yer find it out? Whar did ye git yer larnin' from, Pomp?"

"He, he; hi, hi! Golly, Lilly; ye make me feel as I was sumting, suah," grinned Pomp, strutting about, and putting on the most absurd air of supposed dignity. "An I say, Lilly, we will be sumting sum consequence, too;—kase dey am goin' to ederficate de poor nigger.—Fore God, Lilly, de brack man '*still libs*.' But how I know 'bout Jessie, I will tell yer, my lub:—yer see I was hangin' round de camp, one day; I sede de Gineral and his sogers round him, and in de middle, Jessie; his woman, yer know; and I watch my chance, and when she want a bucket o' water I jumped at de bucket, went to de spring, an had de water at her feet, while der servant was looking fur de bucket. And when I cum dar I sede her wid a big pen in her hand, with a great big paper befor her, what de white folks calls a mop or map, I dun no which; anyhow, I tuk it to be a mop ob de shampane, or de plan ob de big battle, 'bout to be fit."

"But Pomp, what did missus Jessie want wid so much water?" Lilly inquired, while Pomp straightening himself up, honored by the inquiry, said, "*To bile more ink*, to plan annoder battle—annoder shampane. And dat am de lady, Lilly, what yer said jus now to gib to de debil. Lilly dat won't do,—we couldn't do widout her yit——"

"No, no, Pomp! I didn't mean dat—I only meant for Massa Fremont, to gib de debils—dem bad soger men, what cum from Georgy, Tennessee, and udder places down south, to fight us—'Jessie,' dat is lick em good, so dey won't cum back any more; gib em blazes, you no; an plenty wat dey calls, *little more grapes*."

"Yah, yah! Dat am de talk, Lilly,—gib dem grapes, wid stones

in em so tarnation big dat dey can't swaller em; but choke dem to defth. Gib dem grapes dat shall fer eber be sower to dem. But Lilly, lub, let us call on Massa Fremont 'bout it."

They danced and laughed away, followed by the whole concourse of promiscuous contrabands. "Dar, look dar; annodet debil rebel gone," said Pomp, dancing and leaping before Lilly, and pointing to the body of the traitor Byrnes, hanging from the gibbet.

"The wretch is executed at last, and so on him I am avenged," said Louis Nelson to Garfield, as they passed by together for another part of the encampment.

"Yes," replied the latter, "and the commonwealth is relieved of a very useless member, and the country at large, rid of one villain—one traitor more. So should all traitors die. But Louis, let us to horse; the rebels are advancing on us in force. To horse, to horse; and charge on them for your home.—For your country charge,—the Government and the Laws."

"Aye, aye, Colonel! Lead on,—we strike now for the Union and Liberty's cause."

And away they rode, leading the advancing columns of the Union forces at Spring Mills, directing their course through the thickest of the fray, amid the roar of the cannon, the incessant rattle of musketry, the flashing of sabres, and the clang of arms generally. Louis, dashing on recklessly through the incessant storm of leaden hail, that rattled in death-dealing showers around them on every side, as his noble charger fell under him, pierced by a dozen bullets, he drew his sword to guard, just in time to save his life from a desperate plunging blow from the Rebel Fiend, who, having been in all parts of the field on his bloody work, espied Louis, the Scout, and singled him out as a shining mark for his weapon. But the blow was dexterously parried, and a hand-to-hand encounter soon ensued between them. "Monster fiend, ye *must* be of the devil born," cried Louis, in revenge, "or yet of sterner stuff than my good blade is made. For thrice has my trusty steel pierced thy garments through, and still thou art before me, strong with life as ever. But slay thee yet I will.—For to be revenged I've sworn."

"Ha! My life immortal is;—no man of woman born can ever slay Lucifer's Son of the Morn," echoed the Fiend, thrusting desperately. But Louis closing with him, grasped his cloak, out of which the fiend, being hardly pressed, slipped and fled the field.

"He fights as one possessing, indeed, a charmed life. When we contend again I shall know," said Louis, in disappointment, still grasping the coarse cloak, and gazing revengefully after the flying form of the Rebel Scout.

"Follow them, boys,—on boys, on. They fly, they fly," exclaimed Parson Brownlow, encouraging the men to pursue the traitors to the death.

"Aye, go in boys; on and onward still. We've got 'em now,

Pour it into 'em. Give 'em h—ll, and 'Hail Columbia," shouted the eccentric Garfield, drawing off his coat and throwing it up into a tree, dashing over the field after the flying foe. His brave and hardy men followed his example, throwing up their caps into the air with a wild shout, rushed after their daring and noble leader with the wildest enthusiasm.

"Colonel, the traitor, General Zollickoffer is killed,—shot through the heart; and his whole command is completely routed," shouted Louis, as he dashed past his former master into the thickest of the fray, flying over the wounded as they lay in his way, the dying and the dead, after the routed enemy, who were scattering and flying from the field in the wildest disorder.

"That's glorious news. Pour it into 'em, boys, and drive the traitors from the land," yelled Garfield to his men. "Look there, boys, that's a grand hand-to-hand encounter.—Take a lesson from that."

Freedom and the Fiend, hand-to-hand, were contending in a distant part of the field, isolated almost from the rest of the combatants.

"Tyrant, wretch; base fiend of evil. If more than man, then not less than devil; we meet again, in this unholy war. Man's tempter still, why do you haunt me evermore," shouted Freedom, as with his sword he pressed back and bore the Fiend nearly to the ground; but the Fiend recovering, started up, exclaiming,

"Vain dotard of antiquity! Thy silly taunts have no effect on me. My charmed life, I live o'er and o'er; I reign henceforth forevermore."

"Prophet false, base thing of evil, union is of love, disunion of the devil. Leave us no more thy black deeds as a token; get thee back to Pluto's shore; leave our liberties unbroken; and with treason curse our land no more," Freedom shouted, with all his strength, as they again came together, in the terrible, fatal conflict. Overborne by Freedom, the rugged Rebel Fiend fell; sank down exhausted, beneath his well used sword, drawing which from his heart—dripping with his dark and corrupt blood, he drew his sword on high, and leaping on the dead body of the Fiend, stood on it in triumph. While the welkin rung, again and again, with the hilarious shouts of victory from the noble ranks of the Union army over Forts Henry, Donaldson, and New Madrid, the traitors are driven from Kentucky, Missouri and Tennessee; and the abused and persecutedBrownlow; Martha, his heroic and faithful daughter; Emily Nelson, the simple, yet noble wife of Louis, the avenged husband and Union Scout; and Colonel, now Brigadier-General Lemuel Garfield, may safely return to their homes, escorted by the Union victors.

Pomp, the eccentric ebony idol of jet black Lilly, the contraband; his bride, of course, followed. But Garfield had the satisfaction of seeing the tables fully turned on his old foe as he so ably assisted in taking prisoner General Buckner.

Theirs was a happy return, as they joyously re-entered their old homestead; and Martha, after singing with Emily, "*Columbia the gem of the Ocean,*"—looking from the same window out on the beautiful lawn surrounding the place, exclaimed again, but now with tears of joy,

"Father, '*Our flag is still there.*'"

"Yes, daughter, and '*Long may it wave,*
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave,'"

Welled up from the heart of that persecuted man, and fell from his lips in response, earnest and warm, as the true heart's sincerest prayer.

"Yes! May our good old flag,—liberty's noble ensign,—be for ever honored and loved at home; and respected on every sea," concluded Parson Brownlow's pure and patriotic daughter.

MISS BROWNLOW, THE HEROINE OF TENNESSEE.

FIEND OF SECESSIA.